

Good Morning

139

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

—THAT TRIED TO GET AWAY

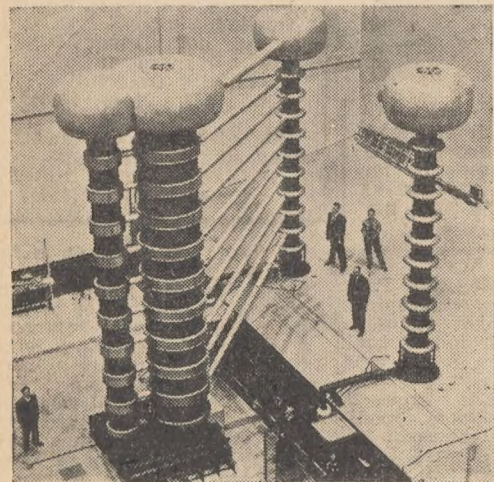


YOU SHOULD SEE THE CHRISTMAS DINNER—



HERE'S 19-year-old Land Girl Marjorie Jones—sister of Telegraphist Clifford Jones, in the Navy—with an armful of trouble. But this goose must have been a nice goose—as you see it didn't mean to be 'armful'—and it looks as though there'll be one less Christmas dinner in the tiny village of Edenfield, near Burnley, unless Marjorie's as determined as the goose.

FORTUNES Have been made from



AIR AND WATER
Says
Kenneth Uilyett
(Member of the Institute of Patentees)

IN a camouflaged concrete laboratory somewhere in the Midlands, you could—if you managed to get past the armed guard at the doors—come on a strange sight.

Chemists in white coats bend over glass retorts that appear to contain nothing. Flasks apparently empty are linked by glass piping to distillation plants that appear to produce nothing! These chemists are trying, with a great deal of success, to get fortunes from air, water and waste!

A large bulk of food now grown in Britain is entirely due to the experiments of these men, for this food could not have been grown without fertiliser. Owing to lack of shipping space, supplies of "nitrate," for instance, have become insufficient for our needs.

But chemists have found out how to build up nitrates from air and water, so that artificial manures can be synthesised more cheaply than they can be won from the earth.

The truth is that war chemists are aiming at bringing all mat-

sounded recently at the conference in London of the Association of Scientific Workers, by Dr. Harry Barron, who said:

"Our showing in plastics is not at all impressive. We can hardly hope to export the newer plastics in the future. It is almost catastrophic that the flow of ideas and patents is such a trickle in Britain compared with the torrent in Germany and the United States."

Figures published just before the war gave an indication of "plastic-mindedness" in Britain, America and Germany. Our output per annum averaged 11b. per head of the population. The American figure was 1.45lb. per head, and the German output 1.5lb. per head.

WE LAUGHED TOO SOON.

Plastic research enabled the Germans to produce one of their most vital war materials—the ersatz rubber, Buna, at which we were too prone to laugh in the early days of the war.

If we had been as industrious, the loss of all our natural rubber resources in Malaya would not have been so serious as it now is.

After the war people will know that air is not only important for breathing; they will depend upon it not only for oxygen, but also for food, fuel, clothing, and even for materials which are little better than unexplained mysteries in our time.

When we have perfected a new method of turning the carbon-dioxide of the air into coal or some other combustible substance, we shall be able to "short circuit" Nature and perform in the laboratory a task which it takes Nature many thousands of years to complete.

Already the war-time chemist's workshop can turn carbon-dioxide into methane. In years to come, many "oil wells" will be huge plants for converting the methane produced from the air into acetylene, by means of the arc oven.

BEATING NATURE.

The acetylene will be made into tar, which will yield oils suitable for working heavy motors. This is the same process which takes place, over thousands of years, when vegetable matter becomes coal.

In the same way, celluloid and plastics are purely man-made materials, the product of the laboratory. They are not substitutes for natural materials, but completely new ones with many attributes no natural substance possesses.

There is an enormous range of plastic materials, each having different qualities and uses. They are divided into two categories—thermo-plastics and thermo-setting plastics.

The difference between these two groups is that thermo-plastics are subject to chemical changes at certain temperatures, and are thus unsuitable for use in conditions in which these temperatures might be encountered. Thermo-setting plastics, on the other hand, cannot be chemically affected once they have been formed.

Celluloid—one of the oldest plastics—is an example of a thermo-plastic. "Bakelite," the commonest plastic in use to-day and probably the most valuable, is an example of a thermo-setting plastic.

Plastics, until moulded by heat and pressure in steel dies, are in the form of powders rather like coarsely ground coffee.

At a certain temperature and pressure they are said to "flow," and become the familiar substances from which so many modern articles, from combs to radio cabinets, are made.

Valuable uses for plastics have been found during the war. In fact, most of the plastics industry is now on active service, and many of the new plastics and new uses for old ones will be denied to civilians until after the war. Every civilian gas mask has a "window" made of plastic material.

The armed Forces already use 120 separate articles made of plastics. One of the best known is the "Perspex" gun-turret of the bomber.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.
Thomas Jefferson
(1743-1826)

Home Town News and Snippets

Bits and pieces from all around

11,000 MILES TO CHURCH ORGAN.

MISS H. SMITH, of Glaisdale, Yorkshire, has walked 11,000 miles in thirty years to play a church organ.

Every Sunday morning since 1913 she has set off from her home and walked several miles so that the people of the neighbouring village of Egton could have organ music with their service.

HEARD THIS?

COMING home after an encounter with several enemy aircraft, a Spitfire pilot found he could not save his plane and would have to bale out.

Clinging to his parachute, he was nearing the ground when he saw a woman shoot up from the ground in his direction.

As she sped past him the pilot shouted to her, "Have you seen my Spitfire down there?"

"No," replied the woman. "Have you seen anything of my gas cooker?"

LITTLE GRAY HOME IN W. HARTLEPOOL.

ACTING on their family's advice, Mr. and Mrs. Gray have given up the wandering caravan life they led for many years all round the country, and have taken a house at Tower Street, W. Hartlepool, Co. Durham.

Mr. Gray is 78 years old and his wife 72.

The advice, Mr. Gray explains, was hard to resist, because it came from his 120 descendants.

His 16 children, 60 grandchildren and 44 great-grandchildren all told him he ought to think about settling down now.

HEN WLAD FY NHADAU.

CORRECT solution to the puzzle: Who wrote the Welsh National Anthem, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau"? has turned up after long argument.

The answer is: James James wrote the poem, and his son, Evan James, the tune.

Evan James's original manuscript of the tune is now in the Welsh National Library.

20 TIMES AS FAT AND FLAT.

SCOTTISH scientists have encouraged flounders to grow twenty times as fat in an experimental aquarium in Loch Craglin.

A 25-acre slice has been "fenced off" from the Loch, and the lucky flat fish here have been getting increased food value from the marine vegetation on which they live. Super-Caller-Herrin, in fact.



HANDS ACROSS THE OCEAN.

WHEN Mr. John Matthews, an Amble, Northumberland, boat builder, was asked to supply the drawings for fishing cobs so that they could be built in Trinidad for the local fishermen, he said he couldn't do it.

He explained that the building of cobs was handed down from father to son, and that no plans were used in the construction of the boat. But with much patience he turned out some drawings.

The Trinidad builders have gone to work on his plans, and it is understood that the Matthews coble is just the right type of boat for that part of the world.

THE MUSICAL STEAK.

THIS was not a case of "Lay on, Macduff," but "Wake up, Macduff," when at midnight the other night householders in Macduff were rudely awakened by the blaring of loud-speakers from vans. The reason for the rude warning that shattered the quiet of the night was that a quantity of butcher-meat issued for consumption to the public had come under suspicion as being likely to have harmful effects if eaten.

There was a young maid of Macduff, Who awoke and said "Darling, what's up?" "It's your ration, my dear," Said the loud-speaker clear. "We think it's not fit for a pup!"

HOLIDAY AT HOME.

SPEAKING of rations, a burglar entered the house of Mr. Colin Morrison, headmaster of Lumphinnans School, Fife, while the family was on holiday, and stayed for five days. The intruder forced open presses and made much of the tinned foods he found. He cooked and generally made himself at home, and then left the house in a state of confusion. Which just goes to show that holidays at home, even in someone else's home, can be quite bearable if you skip before the owners arrive.



THE HOLIDAY BREEZE
A snap taken this week at Arnside, in the North.

Periscope
PageQUIZ
for today

1. What is the difference between a Rear Admiral and a Red Admiral?
2. Who wrote (a) Love and Mr. Lewisham, (b) Love's Labour Lost?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why?—Thomas Hardy, Kipling, Meredith, Elgar, Galsworthy, Hichens.
4. What is an igloo?
5. What is meant by prima facie?
6. What creatures suffer from Isle of Wight disease?
7. What is meant by serendipity?
8. What is the largest existing tree?
9. What was Mr. Micawber's first name?
10. Who said, "Not wisely, but too well"?
11. The first message was sent over the Atlantic cable in: 1776, 1804, 1825, 1858, 1904, 1909?
12. What is a pied-a-terre?

Answer to Quiz
in No. 138

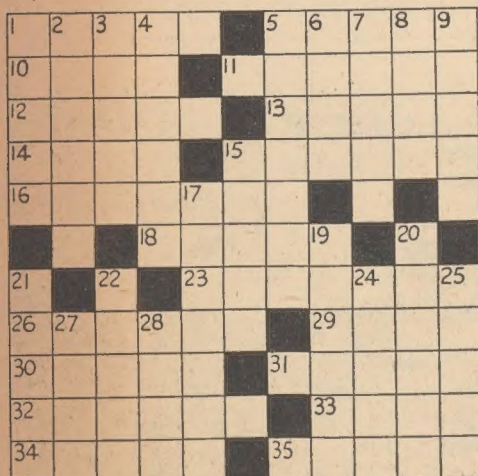
1. A young eel.
2. (a) Hugh Walpole, (b) T. S. Eliot.
3. Salt is a mineral; the others are vegetable.
4. Respondez, s'il vous plait—Reply, if you please.
5. Between England and Scotland.
6. A Russian spirit distilled from rye or potatoes.
7. One with two equal sides or angles.
8. New Zealand.
9. Character in Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."
10. Charles Kingsley.
11. 1806, for prisoners of war.

Who is it?

He has very bad feet, his trousers do not fit him, and he seldom speaks. The last time he appeared in England he wore a uniform, the badge of which was a double cross. Many years ago he went to the Klondike in search of gold, and was forced to eat his own boots. Grows the type of moustache said to be popular in Germany, and usually carries a small walking-stick.

Who is he?
(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Salad herb.
- 5 Tom-boys.
- 10 Vein of ore.
- 11 Lament.
- 12 Watchful.
- 13 Australian wild dog.
- 14 Clinkers.
- 15 Sailing boat.
- 16 Controversial.
- 18 Kent town.
- 23 Of healing.
- 26 Cottage.
- 29 Prepare.
- 30 Scotch boy.
- 31 Overall.
- 32 Spills.
- 33 Peer.
- 34 Musical pipes.
- 35 Animal skins.

CLUES DOWN.

1 Handshake. 2 Empty. 3 Perfect. 4 Bordered. 5 Lowered. 6 Leave out. 7 May. 8 Liveried servant. 9 Horsey noise. 15 Musky animal perfume. 17 Spaces of time. 19 Wavelet. 20 France. 21 Take place. 22 Dance. 24 Glad song. 25 Hires out. 27 Thrust. 28 Told fibs.

R. L. Stevenson tells how Jekyll was
CHANGED TO A
GALLOWS-BIRD

I DO not suppose that when a drunkard reasons with himself upon his vice he is once out of five hundred times affected by the dangers that he runs through his brutish physical insensibility; neither had I, long as I had considered my position, made enough allowance for the complete moral insensibility and insensate readiness to evil which were the leading characters of Edward Hyde.

Yet it was by these that I was punished. My devil had been long caged; he came out roaring. I was conscious, even when I took the draught, of a more unbridled, a more furious, propensity to ill.

It must have been this, I suppose, that stirred in my soul that tempest of impatience with which I listened to the civilities of my unhappy victim. I declare at least, before God, no man morally sane could have been guilty of that crime upon so pitiful a provocation; and that I struck in no more reasonable spirit than that in which a sick child may break a plaything.

But I had voluntarily stripped myself of all those balancing instincts by which even the worst of us continues to walk with some degree of steadiness among temptations; and in my case, to be tempted, however slightly, was to fall.

Instantly the spirit of hell awoke in me and raged. With a transport of glee I mauled the unresisting body, tasting delight from every blow; and it was not till weariness had begun to succeed that I was suddenly, in the top fit of my delirium, struck through the heart by a cold thrill of terror.

A mist dispersed; I saw my life to be forfeit; and fled from the scene of these excesses, at once glorying and trembling, my lust of evil gratified and stimulated, my love of life screwed to the topmost peg. I ran to the house in Soho, and (to make assurance doubly sure) destroyed my papers; thence I set out through the lamplit streets, in the same divided ecstasy of mind, gloating on my crime, light-headedly devising others in the future, and yet still hastening and still hearkening in my wake for the steps of the avenger.

Hyde had a song upon his lips as he compounded the draught, and, as he drank it, pledged the dead man.

The pangs of transformation

had not done tearing him before Henry Jekyll, with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God.

The veil of self-indulgence was rent from head to foot; I saw my life as a whole. I followed it up from the days of childhood, when I had walked with my father's hand, and through the self-denying toils of my professional life, to arrive again and again, with the same sense of unreality, at the damned horrors of the evening. I could have screamed aloud.

I sought with tears and prayers to smother down the crowd of hideous images and sounds with which my memory swarmed against me; and still, between the petitions, the ugly face of my iniquity stared into my soul.

As the acuteness of this remorse began to die away it was succeeded by a sense of joy. The problem of my conduct was solved. Hyde was thenceforth impossible; whether I would or not, I was now confined to the better part of my existence; and oh, how I rejoiced to think it! With what willing humility I embraced anew the restrictions of natural life! With what sincere renunciation I locked the door by which I had so often gone and come, and ground the key under my heel!

The next day came the news that the murder had been overlooked, that the guilt of Hyde was patent to the world, and that the victim was a man high in public estimation. It was not only a crime, it had been a tragic folly.

I think I was glad to know it; I think I was glad to have my better impulses thus buttressed and guarded by the terrors of the scaffold. Jekyll was now my city of refuge; let but Hyde peep out an instant, and the hands of all men would be raised to take and slay him.

I resolved in my future conduct to redeem the past; and I can say with honesty that my resolve was fruitful of some good. You know yourself how earnestly in the last months of last year I laboured to relieve suffering; you know that much was done for others, and that the days passed quietly, almost happily, for myself.

Nor can I truly say that I wearied of this beneficent and innocent life. I think instead that I daily enjoyed it more completely; but I was still cursed with my duality of purpose, and as the first edge of my penitence wore off, the lower side of me, so long indulged, so recently chained down, began to growl for licence.

Not that I dreamed of resuscitating Hyde; the bare idea of that would startle me to frenzy. No, it was in my own person that I was once more tempted to trifle with my conscience, and it was as an ordinary secret sinner that I at last fell before the assaults of temptation.

There comes an end to all things, the most capacious measure is filled at last, and this brief condescension to my evil finally destroyed the balance of my soul.

Yet I was not alarmed. The fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days before I had made my discovery. It was a fine, clear January day, wet underfoot where the frost had melted, but cloudless over-

ROUND THE WORLD
with our
Roving Cameraman

GIVING CLIENTS UNDERSTANDING.

All done to pattern—putting the nails in a pair of shoes, this cobbler of Damascus makes sure that the wearer gets a good grip of the land. And the wearer needs it, for when the rains come the cobble-stones of the city are as slippery as a skating-rink. Among the ruins he plies his trade rebuilding the ruins of footwear.

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head, and the Regent's Park was full of winter chirrupings and sweet with spring odours. I sat in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not yet moved to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active goodwill with the lazy cruelty of their neglect.

And at the very moment of that vainglorious thought a qualm came over me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly shuddering.

These passed away and left

WANGLING
WORDS—101

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after DENIZ, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of I AM SATAN, to make a British colony.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LAND into GIRL, HARD into SOFT, POST into FREE, SOLO into DUET.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from MANCHESTER?

Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 100

1. DECIDE.
2. ARGENTINE.
3. GRAPE, GRIPE, GRIPS, DRIPS, DROPS, CROPS, CROWS, CRAWLS, CRAWL, BRAWL, BRAIL, BRAIN, BRUIN, BRUIT, FRUIT, LARK, LANK, LINK, SINK, SING, SONG.
4. Mice, Mime, Mile, Lime, Lame, Sham, Mash, Mesh, Lash, Each, Male, Same, Heal, Hale, Hams, Mail, Meal, Mace, Came, Ices, Acme, Aces, Sale, Leas, Case, Laze, etc.
5. Chase, Shale, Chime, Shame, Leach, Limes, Smile, Slime, Miles, Meals, Males, Milch, Mimes, Calms, Camel, etc.

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together.

- (a) BRAVE COLIN.
- (b) FIGHT NUMBER.

(Answer on Page 3)

No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains To tax our labours and excise our brains.

Charles Churchill
(1731-1764).

Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!
Charles Morris
(1739-1832).

me faint; and then, as in its turn the faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a contempt of danger, a solution of the bonds of obligation. I looked down. My clothes hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that lay on my knee was corded and hairy. I was once more Edward Hyde.

A moment before I had been safe of all men's respect, wealthy, beloved—the cloth laying for me in the dining-room at home; and now I was the common quarry of mankind, hunted, houseless, a known murderer, thrall to the gallows.

(To be continued)

JANE



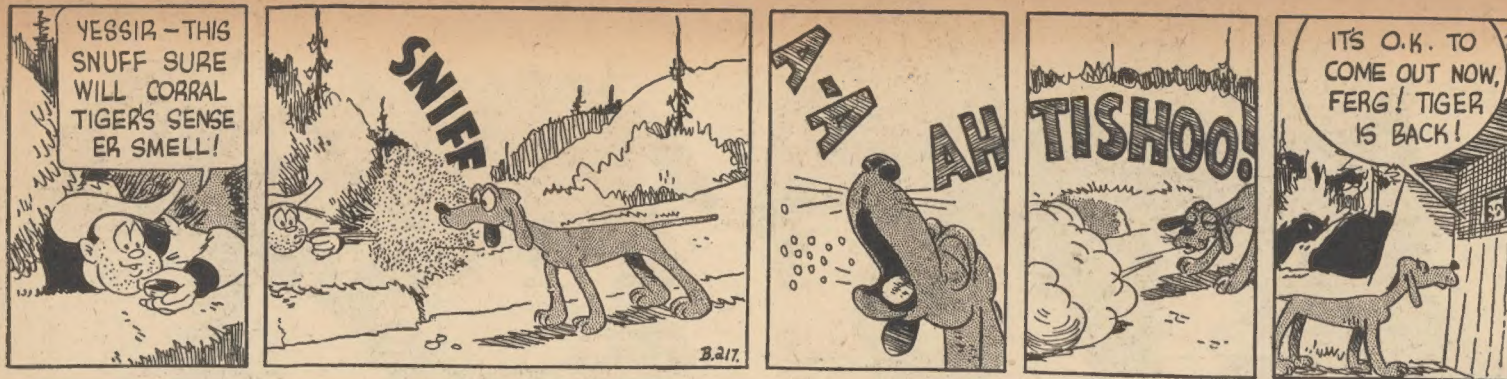
GOOD HEAVENS!—IT'S THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN!

HE'S FAINTED!!!

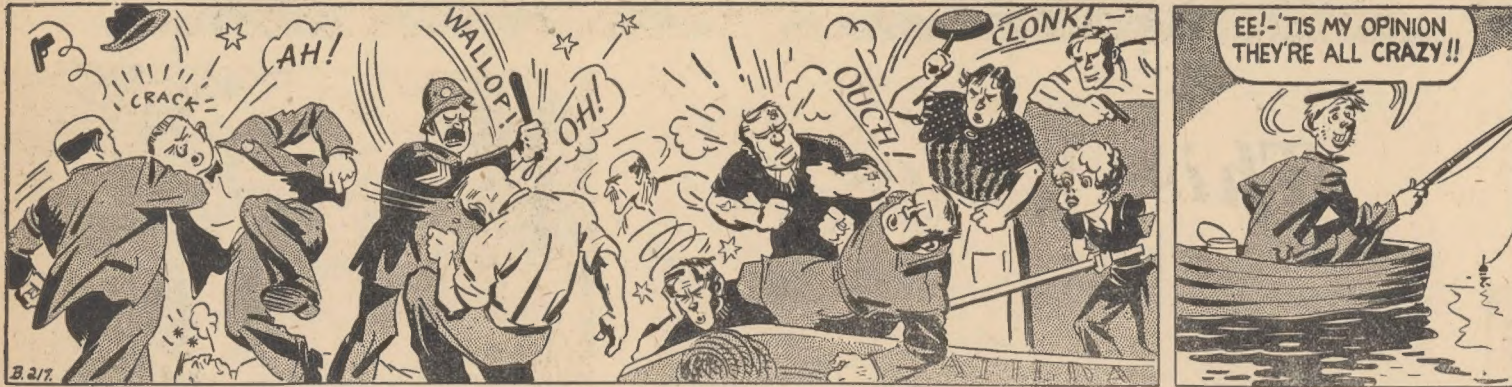
SPLASH!

CRASH!

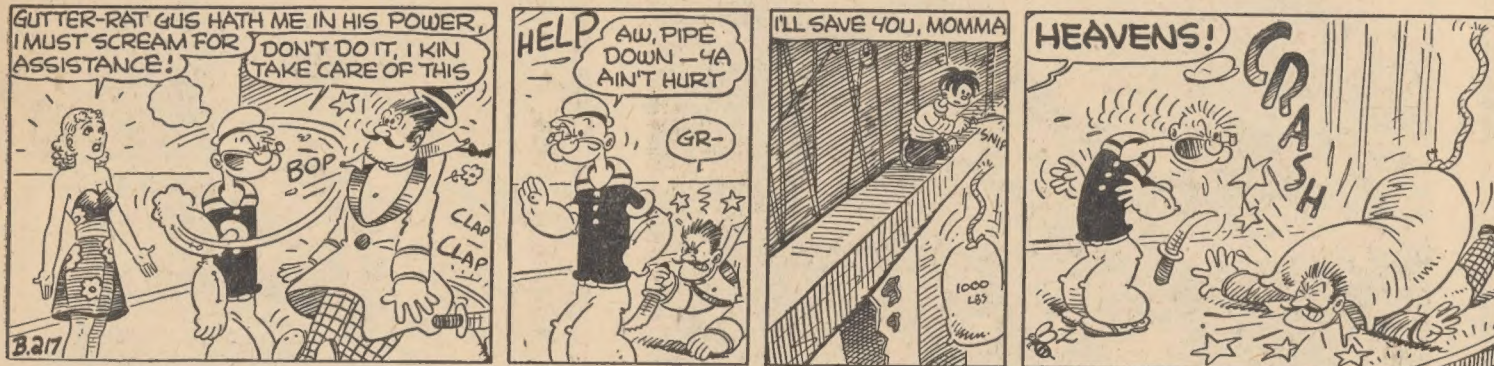
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Stonewalling for a year

By the Old Tough

YEARS ago there was, among the first-class counties, a fashion that amounted almost to a fetish, that you must open the innings with a dashing batsman and a stonewaller—and when I say a stonewaller, I mean a chap who was told to go in and “cork up” one end, to wear the bowling down, and not to bother at all about runs, but leave that to the other batsman.

A genuine stonewaller was a heartbreaking experience for most bowlers; tempting long hops, luscious half-volleys, he paid not the slightest attention to; he just “sat on the splice,” as they called it, and stopped every straight ball or good length from hitting his wicket.

Now, here is the story of how a very famous stonewaller was discovered.

Years ago, the Lancashire team, with their enthusiastic captain, A. N. (“Monkey”) Hornby, were returning from some match in the South of England late in the season. For some reason or other their express was halted at a small wayside station, and “Monkey,” looking out of his window, saw three wickets chalked up on one of the doors, a porter defending them with an ancient-looking bat, while another porter bowled, and the station-master and booking clerk fielded.

He watched for a minute or two, and then called out to the station-master, “You don’t seem able to get that fellow out.” “Get him out!” exclaimed the master. “The b— has been batting since Christmas.”

“Monkey” laughed, and soon after the train went on.

About a year later the Lancashire team halted again at the same station, and the same scene was being enacted, same batsman, same bowler, etc. “Hallo,” cried “Monkey,” “not got him out yet?” “No, nor ever likely to,” was the reply.

Hornby thought this worth enquiring into, took the man’s name and address, and sent for him to be tried out at the nets at the county ground. He turned out to be R. G. Barlow, and for many years was opening batsman with Hornby of the powerful Lancashire team!!

“Is this story true?” asks you. “I won’t vouch for it,” sez I, “but I have told it you as it was told me.”

Anyway, this is true, and confirms the fact that he was a champion stonewaller: On one occasion, in Australia, Barlow batted for sixty minutes without scoring a run!

What did the larrikins of the Sydney mound say to him? I shudder to think.

Argue this out for yourselves

LET US SALUTE

ELDERLY women in villages making jam for the women’s institute, through long, hot days when the wasps are swarming and there’s plenty for them to do at home that will just have to wait. Old actors and actresses who reach their “public” in theatres, camps, hostels, somewhere and somehow, and have done it through air raids and with every war-time condition dead against them, and nothing in their favour except their eternally youthful hearts. And short-sighted old parsons cycling down narrow lanes to distant parishes. Old craftsmen—seventy, seventy-five, eighty—still at the bench, surrounded by giggling girls in trousers who don’t understand what they are talking about.

J. B. Priestley.

* * * * *

THE COMMON MAN

WE are told, on high authority, from both sides of the Atlantic, that the present century is to be the Century of the Common Man. We are all of us to go down on our knees and clasp our hands and raise our eyes and worship the Common Man. . . . This, they say, is to be the Century of the Common Man. I like to think that on the morning of January the first, in the year 2000, mankind will be free to unclasp its hands and rise from its knees and look about it for some other and perhaps more rational form of faith.

Sir Max Beerbohm.

Answer to “WHO IS IT?”
CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Answers to Mixed Doubles
(a) LIVER & BACON.
(b) THUMB & FINGER.

(X) (X) (X)

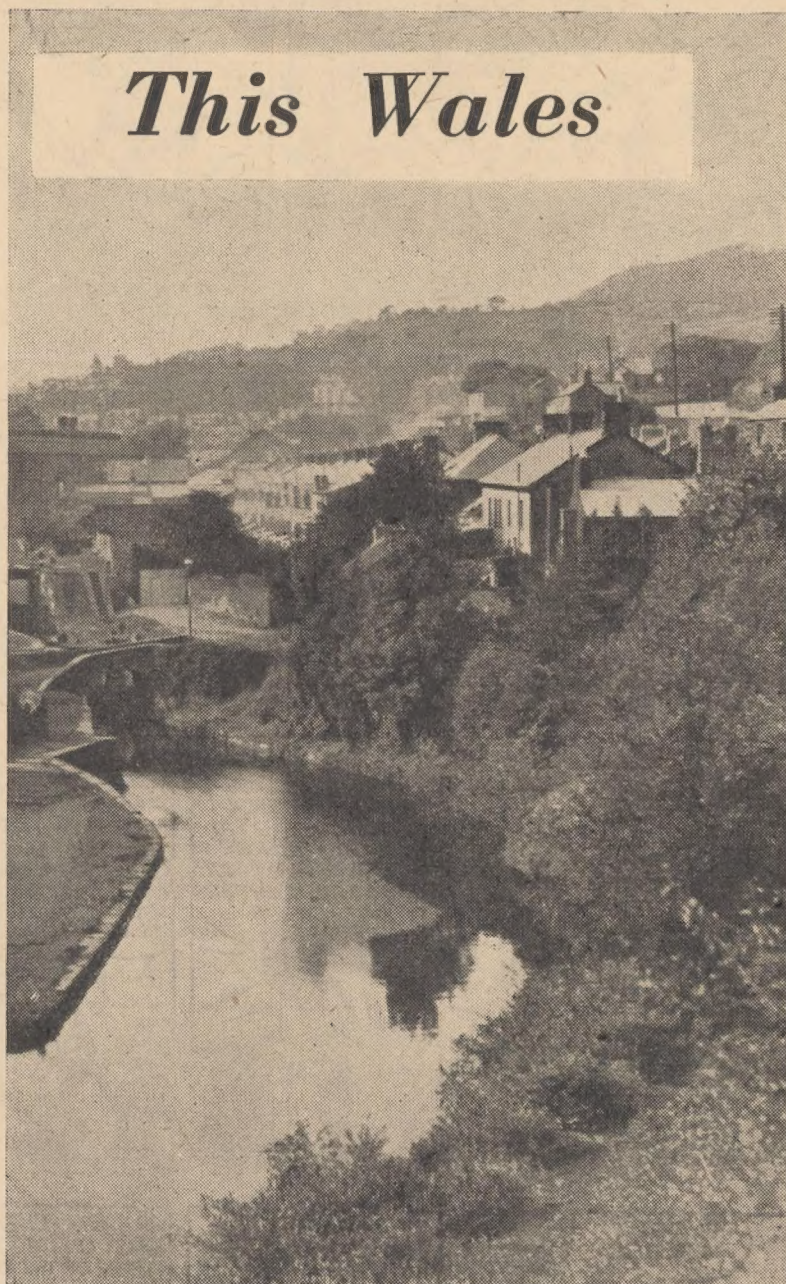
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

"Now get behind me, and don't do anything until I tell you. This hunt has just GOT to be a success."
"All right for you my lad, but I'm already feeling 'up the pole,' and not the way I like it either."



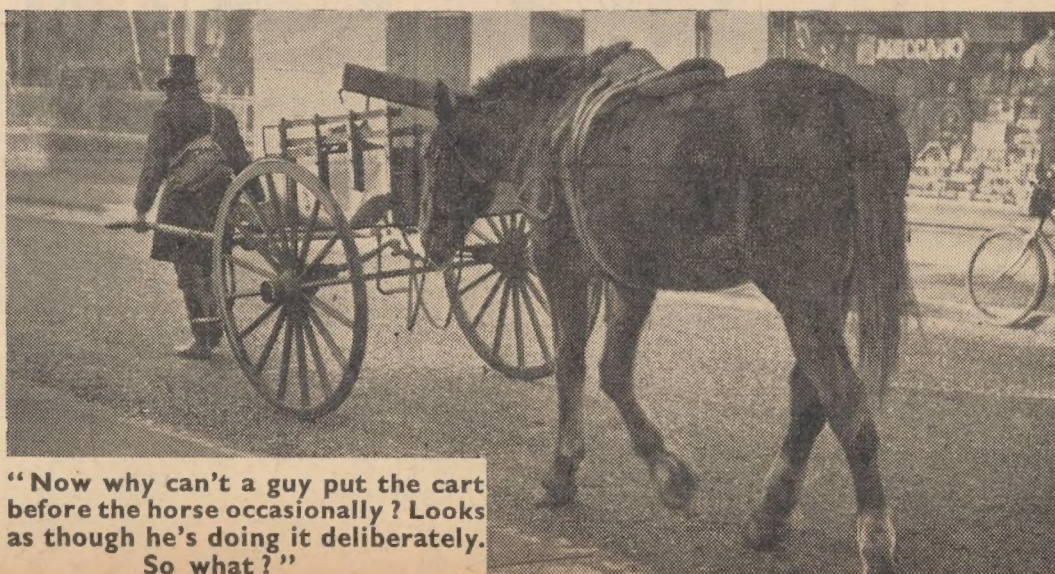
This Wales



Not the beauty of North Wales, but nevertheless just as much a part of the national character. The canal near Pontypridd, South Wales. Home of fighters against nature in the mines, and fighters in the ring.



"Don't be silly 'taint a sarong I'm wearin'. Why, Mummy made it out of her old-guess what."



"Now why can't a guy put the cart before the horse occasionally? Looks as though he's doing it deliberately. So what?"

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



Yes, it IS a charming sarong, isn't it—Oh, sorry, the lady's name is Frances Gifford (M.G.M. player), and who's interested in sarongs, anyway, when they're filled with such beauty?